The Times

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Circulation Statement.

The circulation of The Times for the week ended June 2, 1900, was as follows:

Sunday, May 27	19,521
Monday, May 28	40,385
Tuesday, May 29	40,810
Wednesday, May 30	40,614
Thursday, May 31	40,929
Friday, June 1	40,432
Saturday, June 2	40,311
Total	263,000
Daily average (Sunday, 19,521, excepted)	40,579

The Trust Amendment Humbug.

In proposing the subjoined amendment to the Constitution, the Republican leaders have affected to appear before the country in the attitude of stern patriots determined to break down and destroy the power and business of the trusts, which alone keep them in office, and furnish them with their election expenses and many opportunities inside and outside of Congress to keep the wolf from the door. The proposition in question reads as follows:

"That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States:

"ARTICLE XVI.

"Section 1. All powers conferred by this article shall extend to the several States, the Territories, the District of Columbia, and all territory under the sovereignty and subject to the jurisdiction of the United States.

"Section 2. Congress shall have power to define, regulate, control, prohibit, or dissolve trusts, monopolies or combinations, whether existing in the form of a corporation or otherwise.

"The several States may continue to exercise such power in any manner not in conflict with the laws of the United States.

"Section 3. Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation."

We have no means of knowing who drew this remarkable contribution to the literature of political hypocrisy. We should have thought that a matter of such importance would have been entrusted to somebody with at least a casual acquaintance with the English language and English grammar. The chief mandate of the Republican campaigners in 1900, one would think, could have been drafted by a person able to express the desired and pretended thought in comprehensible language. These thoughts are produced by our utter inability to discover any sane connection between the second paragraph of the second section of the proposed amendment and the rest of it.

The trick is barefacedly ridiculous in its entirety. The States are asked to surrender the powers they now individually possess over the trusts, and which some of them are exercising or trying to exercise, to a Congress which, if controlled by the trusts, as it now is, would never act. Thus the one available power against combinations of a criminal character or in restraint of trade would be lost, and the obnoxious monopolies would be relieved of the necessity for trying to buy Legislatures and be able to concentrate their entire money and influence upon the House of Representatives and the United States Senate.

The Industrial Race Question.

The most serious aspect of what is called the race problem, as it stands at present, is the industrial aspect. The question, of course, concerns primarily the negro, because that race comprises about ten per cent of the population of the country; but the Indian comes under the same head. The promoters of industrial education have gotten hold of one end of the problem and are digging away at it with fairly good results; but there is a part of it which they cannot handle. When the negro boy, or the Indian boy, has gotten his trade, what is he to do with it? The labor unions will not let him work at it in competition with them, and though, for the present, they have kept, or have been kept, out of the South, there is no knowing how long they will give the negro mechanic a chance even there. At present a negro carpenter, printer, or bricklayer cannot get a job in any part of the country except the region in which he furnishes most of the available manual labor. The unions will not work with him. They say he shall not work unless he is numerous enough to displace a whole shop full of white men, and if he does that, he is liable to have a fight on his hands. How, then, is he to enter the industrial field on anything like fair terms? The Indian, who is being so assiduously trained at the Government schools in the various trades of civilized man, is in much the same fix.

It is all very well to say that when a man is a thoroughly good workman he can always get work, because he can successfully compete with others, but obviously, if the whole shop is going to walk out when he is given a job, he will not get one, no matter what his ability. That is one reason why the negro boy often struggles through college when he is rather better fitted for a trade. He knows that if he has the brains to teach he can get a school somewhere, but if he is a thoroughly trained printer there is no job in a printing office that he can get save that of janitor or pressman. His choice of training is plain common sense.

But there is one way in which the negro workman may be able to compete with anybody, if he happens to see it, or somebody sees it for him. This is by the discovery of a thing which he, on account of natural ability or advantages, can do and nobody else can. It seems as if there might be a possibility of this in the line of manufacture, and that some of the industrial schools might profitably take it up. It may be that the experiment would fail—nobody can tell until it has been tried—but it would not cost much, and it might be something of a gold mine.

Artistic furniture is a thing which is, at present, almost unknown in this country. The principles on which a piece of furniture is put together so as to be beautiful, and to be best fitted for the use for which it is designed, at one and the same time, have never been studied by most of our manufacturers. Their designers seem to work mainly by the light of nature. They turn out either imitations—not very good ones—of European models, or a horrible hash of French, German, and English styles, combined on the same principles that some women follow when they christen their girls Leodella, or Elorainia, or Jurilda. Now, the principles of art which differentiate a Greek vase from the modern hideous hybrid, or make a Greek porch beautiful and the American imitation ugly, and explain the wide difference between colonial furniture and the modern product of the factory, are not so very complicated, and they might well be studied in any college, in place of modern languages. There is just as much art in making a beautiful chair as in painting a picture, and we need artisans who are also artists. If industrial schools, which have to make the furniture used in their own buildings, could have it made on the right models, and train the young carpenters to see the why and how of the construction of these models, it seems as if they might easily become workshops in which distinctive styles of furniture, characteristically American, simple but beautiful, like the Morris chairs, could be made for the city market. And other arts could be selected at which the girls could become proficient. That there is artistic ability in the negro race, the success of Tanner and one or two other artists proves. One need only look at the exquisite old-fashioned houses in many parts of the South, built by negro workmen, to see that under supervision these men are capable of doing fine work. The trained supervision used to be that of the white man. It may now be that of men of their own race.

A Queer Excuse for Robbery.

According to one of our New York contemporaries yesterday, the Administration is offering a most remarkable excuse for the construction of that fraudulent six-mile piece of railway at Havana, known as the Triscornia line. It is tacitly admitted that the whole project from start to finish was rotten with chicanery, corruption, and robbery, and it is promised that the Senate Committee on Relations with Cuba will probe the matter to the bottom. As the American Indies Company appears to be uncomfortably associated with the scandal, and as the subject-matter was under the control of Alger's man Hecker, there may be room for some question as to whether anything very fierce will be done. The endearing term "American Indies Company" covers some personalities which, if they are of record in the connection, would greatly add to public interest in the investigation.

But the queer excuse for the Triscornia Railway is that it has not cost the Government a cent! The money for its construction was originally paid by the Quartermaster's Department, but under an executive order; that branch of the service was reimbursed with money grabbed for the purpose from the Cuban revenues. The repairs and betterments have also been paid for with Cuban money.

Now the joke about this steal is that the Administration seems to think the country will not mind about it much, since it is Cuba and not Uncle Sam that is plundered. We cannot take the same view. The Triscornia Railway was built in pursuance of a false assertion that it was a military necessity. It was not so regarded by General Humphreys, of the Quartermaster's Department, and he condemned the enterprise. It was constructed in such a loose and rascally manner that it has never been of any practical use worth mentioning and is a rathole of expense. But if it has now or ever had any reason for existence it could only be as a convenience for the army of occupation. The Cubans never wanted it or had any use for it.

It was a bold and impudent American carpetbag scheme to make half a million dollars or so by means which have been partially disclosed and will be fully so sooner or later. Instead of chuckling over the fact that the theft comes out of poor Cuba's pocket and not ours, the Administration authorities may as well make up their minds that as soon as its full extent is ascertained the honest people of the United States will insist that the amount be made good to the island treasury.

Air in Chicago.

It is said that visitors at the Chicago Public Library will henceforth have the air they breathe served up hot or cold, as suits the season. The air will be washed—a necessary process in a town like Chicago—then dried and sent into the apartments of the library heated or cooled to the proper temperature. For some time past the employes have been complaining that the atmosphere was too wet and cold. The air passes through the washer at a high rate of speed, and comes out filled with moisture. Buffers are constructed, against which the current is forced, so as to strike a flange projecting from the edge of the metal arms, at a high rate of speed. This precipitates the moisture on the flange, from which it runs back into the washer.

It is certainly a good thing that the air which passes into the Chicago Library is cleansed in some way before it strikes the books, or, in time, the readers might be unable to discover which was white paper and which printer's ink. Everyone will appreciate, however, the discomfort of having newly washed air to breathe, when it is cold and wet, and one has not been used to taking it clean; so it is well that it should be dried and warmed, and, if necessary, starched and ironed, before presented to the Chicagoan as he imbibes his literature. Neglect on this point might cause him to leave the library and literature altogether in disgust and discomfort.

Two reflections are suggested by the news of this arrangement. One is that a city ought really not to be so unpleasant a place to live in as many cities are. If attention were paid to making a large town clean, airy, hygienic, and carefully built, it ought to have most of the comforts and few of the disadvantages of country life. By living in large communities people get the benefit of cheap food and clothing, and all the good which comes of co-operation and social life. It is too bad that the pleasure of these things should be so nearly counterbalanced by the discomfort of heat, crowding, dust, and lack of ventilation, to say nothing of the soft coal smoke which makes the inhabitants of some towns, after a short stroll, look a little as if they were preparing to take part in a burnt-cork entertainment. Perhaps in the city of the future care will be taken in these things. Let us hope so.

The other reflection is that if, in cities, artificially prepared air should be generally used, it might become as great a necessity as ice now is, and then there would be a chance for another trust to get in its work. As civilization advances, men inevitably become more and more dependent upon each other. This interdependence makes it possible for a minority to affect or threaten to affect the whole body. The only remedy for this evil—which vitiates the rule of the majority, destroys independence and co-operation, and makes the many the absolute slaves of the few—is such legislation and control from the central power as shall protect the many and restrict the few. The central government, in a word, must be kept in truth, as in name, the servant and organ of the people. Otherwise the minority, uncontrolled, will make so great use of its power that the whole body will be paralyzed and atrophied.

A Curious Incident.

A young girl from Georgia, in visiting Niagara Falls recently, had an adventure more sensational than pleasant. She was locked up all night in the observation tower on the State reservation, three hundred feet in air. It chanced that she was the last person on the tower when the elevator stopped running, and the superintendent forgot she was there and failed to come up for her. It became dark, and the girl waited in vain for the car to appear. She stayed there all night, and as a howling rain storm occurred after dark, her situation in that unroofed place was not only unpleasant, but very nearly dangerous. She was rescued in the morning, however, and will probably get over her unusual experience in time.

But there is one feature of the story, as reported in the yellow journals, which is somewhat difficult to believe. The girl is reported to have said that her only consolation was her Bible, which she began to read as soon as it grew light enough to see. It is not to be supposed that the Government keeps Bibles on top of the observation tower for the edification of unfortunate castaways, so the inference is that the young lady read her own. Now, is it reasonable to suppose that the average American girl carries Bibles about with her on her sightseeing tours? Is it likely that, in visiting Niagara, she would provide herself with a copy of even the New Testament? She is reported to have said that she suffered much from the rain, having only thin summer clothing as protection. If she had visited Niagara as an episode in a longer journey, and had her valise with her, she might possibly have had a Bible in that; but in that case she would certainly, if a girl of sense, have provided herself with some sort of wrap when traveling in Canada in the early part of June.

If this marooned traveler had been a man, a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. or something like that, it would be different, for a man can carry a small Testament in his coat pocket for use in case of emergency, and perhaps some men do. But a girl has no pockets. Are we to infer that this Georgian young lady went about sightseeing with a Bible in her hand, in the middle of the week, when there was no camp meeting or Chautauqua assemblage going on? Or was that little episode of the Bible due to the too active and enterprising imagination of some reporter?

If this thing is true, and not a dramatic invention, then some suggestions to the young lady who was the heroine of the adventure, and all other damsels like her, are certainly in order. It may be very handy and pleasant to have a Bible to read in case of being left alone all night on top of an observation tower, but if a girl prefers a Bible to a jacket as protection in a heavy rainstorm she must be more ethereal than most human beings. Any girl who goes traveling in such a climate as that of northern New York without adequate protection in the way of wraps and umbrella, needs common sense considerably more than she needs religion. And there is still another point to be considered in this narrative. If the maid in question did not have some sort of means of shielding herself from the fury of the elements, how in the world did she keep that Bible dry enough to read? Any ordinary book, after an experience of that kind, would have been a sop of wet pulp. Are we to suppose that there was a miracle in the case?

Mr. Hazel, the interesting machine candidate for United States district judge in western New York, now declares that the whole purchase price for the yacht Enquirer was paid to the seller, Mr. Connor, of Buffalo. The presumption is, if Hazel's statement be true, that it was Connor who paid over the fifteen thousand dollars to the gentleman with a pull. The Congressional investigators should remember this point and send for Mr. Connor. Under a promise of immunity from prosecution he might be induced to disclose the name of the influential intermediary.

Peck, of Paris, is angry and defiant. Like Rathbone, he has acted under an imperial commission which gave him plenary powers, complete independence, and unqualified irresponsibility for the use he might make of a million and a half dollars of public money. The State Department has politely asked him to note the charges made against his administration by Delegate Flynn, of Oklahoma. Perhaps he may be graciously pleased to comply. But, as Congress is about to adjourn he is more likely to snap his fingers at the blackmail scandal. Peck, it will be observed, is a bird of true Administration plumage, and is glued to his branch.

A Porto Rican cow has landed at New York on her way to the White House, to furnish milk, cream, and butter, if not eggs for the Presidential table. There is every reason to believe that this creature comes within the provisions of the alien contract labor law, and is coming to Washington to compete with our own infant bovine and water-plug industries. We have not heard that either Powderly or Gage have done anything in connection with the attempted outrage.

The marines and bluejackets of the powers appear to have impressed the Pekin Chinese to some extent, but the "Boxer" rebellion is spreading, and the probability increases that a large force of Japanese, German, and Russian troops may be landed within a few days.

The War Tax.

(From the Toledo Bee.)

Democrats in Congress are clearly working in the interest of the people in demanding a 50 per cent reduction of war taxes. There is no earthly sense in this excessive war taxation in times of peace and no good can be accomplished by piling up a surplus and withdrawing money from circulation. It is an invitation to extravagant appropriation of public funds and when a Republican Congress starts that game the appropriations are generally made for private interests. Cut down that war tax. The war with Spain is over.

Senatorial Elections.

(From the Wheeling Register.)

Mr. Hoar's unique proposition to set aside the House bill providing for the direct election of Senators by the people, and incorporating into the present system an amendment to the effect that on a failure by a State Legislature to elect on the seventh ballot, a plurality shall suffice, will not commend itself to the people. It would simply result in more and greater scandal.

A Retrospect.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

It would be impossible to conceive of such a thing as Abraham Lincoln at the head of an Administration famous for the multiplication of trusts and combinations against trade. But who can expect permanence in parties when the very fashion of the world changes?

The Way It Works.

(From the Birmingham Age-Herald.)

American, Dingley-protected borax is sold to American consumers at 7¼c a pound; to British consumers at 3½c. This simply adorns a thrice-told tale.

GUESTS OF PHILADELPHIA.

A party of Washington political writers made a trip to Philadelphia yesterday as the guests of that very interesting municipality. The party was under the chaperonage of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, a member of the Standing Committee of Correspondents, and traveled in a special coach attached to one of the early morning trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The city founded by William Penn was reached at 11:40, and the newspaper men were met at the end of their journey in a place known in Philadelphia as the Broad Street Station by Mayor Ashbridge, Private Secretary Moore, and other Philadelphians of prominence, including a delegation of the gentlemen who have succeeded the benevolent George Washington Childs in the task of molding Philadelphia public opinion.

The purpose of the trip was to inspect and report upon the hall provided for the meeting of the Republican National Convention on June 19. The Philadelphians are justly proud of the accommodations they have provided for the convention. The Washingtonians were conducted from the Broad Street Station in carriages to the convention hall, traversing en route the thoroughfares of which Philadelphians are especially proud.

The first object of interest pointed out to the visitors was the proposed Philadelphia City Hall, which has been a burning issue in the politics of the town since 1872 and has already cost something like $26,000,000. The proposed city hall occupies two or three blocks, and is conveniently located near a large emporium, over each entrance of which is this device, in faded black letters: "John Wanamaker." Out through a narrow but neat street called Walnut the guests were conveyed, their cicerones thoughtfully pointing out to them the domiciles of divers and sundry Philadelphians of eminence, the most of whom seemed to be named Drexel. All of the houses along this street showed the evidence of modest living and refined tastes. Many of them had their doors and windows boarded up with planks which were nailed together and painted white. "The family has gone away for the summer," it was explained by the courteous guides in all such cases. Most of the other houses in this street had green blinds.

It was learned that Walnut Street is in the heart of the downtown district of Philadelphia, and that the people who live in Walnut Street are for the most part descendants of the early settlers. A small park, called Rittenhouse Square, debouches off from Walnut Street, and around this park live nearly all of the descendants of the early settlers who have not yet been able to move into Walnut Street by reason of the fact that deaths among the inhabitants of that thoroughfare are rare and the transfer of freehold rights in realty there is still rarer.

"In that house lives a Drexel," proudly proclaimed Mayor Ashbridge to his carriage companions.

"The Drexels must be a numerous family here," tentatively suggested one of the visitors, who continued, "if I mistake not this is about the eighteenth Drexel house you have pointed out to us."

"Ah," exclaimed the mayor in surprise, "you don't seem to understand that some of these houses to which I have called attention are occupied by families whose mothers were Drexel girls who married the descendants of other early settlers." The mayor's explanation made the matter plain.

The convention hall is situated about a mile and a half from Broad Street station, and is in a huge and artistic looking structure which was erected some time ago for the purposes of a national export exposition. Street railroads and steam railroads connect the building with Walnut Street and Broad Street station. Thousands of people can be conveyed there with remarkable celerity and characteristic Philadelphia comfort. So on this score the throngs of people who flock to Philadelphia during the week of the convention will have no complaint.

Nor is it reasonable to believe that they will have cause to complain of the comforts and general conveniences of the convention hall. It has a seating capacity of fifteen thousand, and experts who have been imported to Philadelphia for the purpose declare that its acoustic properties are all that could be desired. Mayor Ashbridge stood upon the stage yesterday and, for the delectation and enlightenment of the city's guests, talked to an awe-stricken policeman at the far end of the hall in an ordinary tone of voice. The mayor's words were distinctly heard in all parts of the hall, and so were those of the policeman. It was explained that when the hall is filled with people its acoustics will be even superior to this remarkable quality which was proved by the test of the mayor and the policeman.

The seats are arranged in concentric tiers, and the space allotted to the delegates and alternates is directly in front of the stage and so situated that every occupant can be plainly seen by the spectators from all parts of the hall. Spacious committee rooms have been provided back of the stage, and telegraph wires are now being strung into the building for the accommodation of the scribes who will be there to report the proceedings of the convention for the edification of the country.

Adjoining the auditorium under the same roof is a large room whose walls are decorated with mysterious charts and maps. In this room have been collected by the frugal Philadelphians samples of the manufactured wares of all civilized countries. The collection constitutes what is called a Commercial Museum. Merchants are invited to visit this curious exhibit and learn what the benighted denizens of various parts of the world, beyond the confines of Philadelphia, wear and eat and employ in wooing wealth or bare sustenance from the earth. The institution is unique, and is the pride of all Philadelphians.

In point of fact, when the thousands of strangers enter the gates of the fine old City of Brotherly Love in June, and after viewing the assembled statesmen in action, visit the Commercial Museum, they will conclude that Philadelphians, though cut off from the world, have some excellent ideas as to the proper means for extending the commerce and trade of the country. The persons who are following in the footsteps of William Penn are rapidly learning why it is that Germany, England, France, and other countries beyond the seas are monopolizing the trade of South America and the West Indies. The samples collected at Philadelphia show that the Europeans are making the kind of wares and machinery which the South Americans want.

After all of the superior qualities of the convention hall had been demonstrated to the correspondents a sumptuous lunch was served to them, which showed not only that the Philadelphians are good livers, but that better still, they know how to cook. Also that from somebody they have learned how to brew a most seductive beverage which they call fishhouse punch. The recipe of the fishhouse punch is a profound secret in Philadelphia, and is guarded with jealous care. It is contended by the Philadelphians that the fishhouse punch possesses qualities that remove it far from the class of beverages to which belongs the famous artillery punch, brewed at Savannah, Ga., and which produces disastrous results unless partaken of sparingly.

The fishhouse punch can be drunk in unlimited quantities, say the Philadelphians, without fear of it having any other effect than the uplifting of the soul and the cultivation of an appetite that will cause the drinker to yearn for another visit to Philadelphia on a gala occasion, for only upon such occasions is the fishhouse punch brewed. In view of the well-known fact, however, that when strangers are in their midst Philadelphians of all classes cease their usual employments and resolve themselves into committee of the whole for the dispensation of Philadelphia hospitality, it can be understood that the entrance into the Quaker City of one or more strangers constitutes a gala occasion and calls for the brewing of the fishhouse punch.

An important announcement was made to the visitors by Mayor Ashbridge relating to the forthcoming convention. The mayor denied outright the report circulated by the Hanna press agent that the worthy minister of the gospel who had opened with prayer the first convention of the Republican party ever held—which was in Philadelphia in 1856—will officiate in a like capacity at the opening of the convention June 19.

"It is a fact," said the mayor, "that this pious and venerable man is still a citizen of Philadelphia, but he is too old and feeble to open the convention with prayer. I have told Mr. Hanna that somebody else must be selected for this duty and he has left the selection to our local committee. We have concluded to leave it to the preachers, and it is probable that from among their number they will designate the persons who are to supplicate the throne of grace for light and guidance to the convention. Mr. Hanna wanted to have each session of the convention opened with prayer, but we have convinced him that it will be necessary only to have the first session of each day commenced with an appeal to the Almighty. I believe the delegates will like this arrangement better than the Hanna idea of having two prayers a day."

One of the chief social organizations of Philadelphia is the Manufacturers' Club. Here the principal men of Philadelphia meet every day at the close of business and exchange news and views. It was in this club that the Harrison campaign fund was alleged to have been raised; or, as the phrase ran at the time, it was here that the fat-frying of the protected industries was done. All Philadelphians deny that there is any truth in this story.

At the Manufacturers' Club yesterday it was learned that the Philadelphians have raised in cash and turned over to Mr. Hanna just sixty thousand dollars of the one hundred thousand dollar fund promised for the convention. They say that Mr. Hanna is entirely satisfied with the amount turned over to him, and that, therefore, nobody else has any right to complain or criticise. It was also learned in the Manufacturers' Club that there are various taverns in Philadelphia and that if the accommodations of these places fall short when the convention crowds gather the hospitable people of the town will throw open their houses to the visitors.

As it is evident that the Philadelphians mean to do this, there need be no uneasiness about securing board and lodging in the town during the convention. Philadelphia's pride is aroused, and with this incentive back of Philadelphia's naturally hospitable spirit plenty of good things to eat and plenty of comfortable beds to sleep in will be provided for everybody who may go to the convention.

Just before the time for starting back to Washington arrived one of the visitors asked a group of entertainers in the Manufacturers' Club this pertinent question: "Is John Wanamaker Philadelphia's greatest man today?"

There was an instant lull in the conversation. The Philadelphians riveted their eyes upon the questioner. After a few moments of embarrassing silence one of the liveliest debates of recent times in Philadelphia broke out. The group of Philadelphians immediately was divided into factions. Some of them argued earnestly in the affirmative and others argued with equal earnestness in the negative. Before the debate had grown into an acrimonious quarrel the questioner reluctantly hurried away to Broad Street station.

BELONGS TO THIS COUNTRY.

America and Americans Have a National Significance.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

America and Americans are terms of national limitation in the use of our neighbors already. The Canadian may call himself a North American, but never an American. He keeps that name for his neighbors to the south. A Mexican has but one sense for the word Americano, by which he designates the man from across the Rio Grande. So, throughout the whole continent, we are the Americans and our country is America in the usage of every people of the Western world. Only among ourselves, and as an inheritance from our period of colonial politics, is there any hesitation in the matter. And as we have far more than the population of all the rest of the continent, to say nothing of wealth and power and other elements of weight, the name is not unfit.

The Father of his Country may fairly claim the same right as other fathers in naming the child. In his farewell address he seems to have anticipated some such confusion, and he lays stress on the national name as a bond of union. "The name American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the pride of patriotism," he says, "more than any appellation derived from local distinctions." What was definite enough for him should do for us.

Merely Stage Thunder.

(From the Portland Argus.)

"Let no guilty man escape" were to be the watchwords of the Administration policy toward the Cuban looters, but it seems they are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. While the Government is supposed to be working hard to get Neely back into Cuba, Rathbone is to be permitted to escape. He will leave Havana for this country tomorrow as a result, it is reported, of the influence of Hanna and other managers of the Republican campaign. It is understood that Rathbone will not return to the scene of his palatial splendors, and that the investigation begun by General Wood into the conduct of the other departments will be permitted to drag along without damaging results. And still the cry is "Let no guilty man escape!"

The Austin Poem.

MAFEKING.

October 15, 1899—May 16, 1900.

Once again, banners fly!
Clang again, bells, on high,
Sounding to sea and sky
Longer and louder
Mafeking's glory with
Kimberley, Ladysmith,
Of our unconquered kith
Prouder and prouder.

Hemmed in for half a year,
Still with no succor near,
Nor word of hope to cheer
Wounded and dying,
Fevered, and foiled of sleep
By the fierce cannon's leap,
They still, still vowed to keep
England's flag flying.

Nor was their mettle shown
By male and strong alone,
But, as intrepid grown,
Fragile and tender,
Without or tear or sigh
Echoed the brave old cry,
"We, too, would rather die,
Die than surrender."

As pressed the foe more near,
Only with naked spear,
Ne'er knowing what to fear,
Parley, or blench meant,
Forward through shot and shell,
While still the foremost fell,
They with restless yell
Stormed his entrenchment.

Then, when hope dawned at last,
And fled the foe, aghast
At the relieving blast
Heard in the melly—
Oh our stout, stubborn kith!
Kimberley, Ladysmith,
Mafeking, wedded with
Lucknow and Delhi!

Sound for them martial lay!
Crown them with battle-bay,
Both those who died, and they
'Gainst death could wrestle!
Powell of endless fame,
All, all with equal claim,
And, of the storied name,
Gallant young Cecil!

Long as the waves shall roll,
Long as Fame guards her scroll,
And men through heart and soul
Thrill to true glory,
Their deed, from age to age,
Shall voice and verse engage,
Swelling the splendid page
Of England's story!

—Alfred Austin.

Llanvihangel Court, Abergavenny, May 19.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Disposition of the South African Republics the Main Topic.

LONDON, June 2.—Now that the end seems to be in sight in the Transvaal, a canvass of names for high posts in the new South African colonies is proceeding in inner political circles here and at Cape Town. The greatest difficulty is the choice of the new Governor of the Orange River and the Transvaal colonies. It is recognized that the ideal Governor must be a military man to cope with the military situation still uppermost in South Africa, but a military man of wide civil experience, acceptable to the reconcilable Dutch, as well as Britishers, for the root principle of the British administration is to be the conciliation of the Boers to British rule.

General Roberts will probably have the refusal of the post, at all events, for the first period of stress and transition, and everyone would applaud his appointment. His courtesy to the defeated Cronje, his ready appreciation of the colonial citizen soldiery, his rigid evenhandedness and loathing of unnecessary bloodshed, have won him esteem even among the better class of Boers, but General Roberts is sixty-eight, and may well look for a quieter life.

Sir Charles Warren is also named, and his military failure at Spion Kop is not held to stand in the way of a repetition of his marked administrative successes in Griqualand West and Bechuanaland. General Kitchener has his nominators, but he is the only hope of those who realize the deficiencies of the whole army system. If anyone is to give the British Empire a business-like army without extravagance, it is the organizer of the British victories in the Soudan and in South Africa. The "Times" votes today for Sir Alfred Milner, but he could hardly be called a conciliator in the present state of South African feeling.

There remains the name of Sir Edward Grey, were he willing to assume the semi-military post. The intention is to fill the administrative posts under the Governor by civilians holding office at the Governor's will. As native commissioner, Sir Godfrey Lagdon would be an ideal selection. He, following Sir Marshall Clark, made Basutoland the best governed and most prosperous native State in the world, and the most important commercial factor in South Africa, next to the De Beers Consolidated Mines. By his single arm he kept the Basuto nation back from participation in the war, a service which none who knows South African history will depreciate. Were he selected, as is quite probable, he would avoid one of the greatest perils before the British administration of the Transvaal, namely, the exploitation of native labor in the interests of the Rand gold fields.

Other civilian departments of mines, postoffice, telegraphs, land registration, and survey, probably, will be filled from the ranks of able local business men. The Colonial Secretary will be Mr. Fiddes, now Imperial Secretary under the High Commissioner at Cape Town. The judicial arm of the Government will from the outset be the high courts, reconstituted, and to their ratification all acts and decisions of the military men who must necessarily replace the old landrosts outside the Rand, probably will be made subject. Under this system, rather than as Crown Colonies, administered from Downing Street, the two new colonies of South Africa will, it is hoped, most speedily be prepared for full parliamentary self-government.

There is certainly no intention so far evident of yielding to the strong pressure from the Johannesburgers in Cape Town, who wish to see the Boer the under dog in the Transvaal in the place of the Briton. British Ministers and Sir Alfred Milner realize that their task is not merely the conversion of the British Johannesburgers into free men, but the pacification of all South Africa on race-blind principles.

Every fresh piece of good news from the seat of war strengthens the hands of those inside and outside the British Cabinet who are working for dissolution, while what is now generally known as the "Khaki" glamour is over the public mind, that is to say, in July or in October, after the victorious troops have made their triumphal march through London. But the expectations grows that Lord Rosebery may have a surprise for the Ministry. His friends entertain increasing hope that he will face the electorate with the aid of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Henry Fowler, Earls Spencer and Kimberley, and remove the South African problems from the party arena by generally supporting the Government policy for the reconstruction of South Africa, and take his stand on a root and branch reform of the British army, and a progressive home policy of land, temperance, and educational reform, for which the time unquestionably is ripe.

Calm students of the political situation say that such a group of Liberals, with such a policy, might easily oust the present Ministry, who, apart from the war, have really next to nothing to show for their five years of office with bursting revenues. Lord Rosebery's letter to the "Western Daily Mercury" this morning seems to point in the direction of some such move being made, and is considered of great significance as showing that he is still in touch with the large principles of liberalism and disposed toward a definition of its purpose and aim. The "Times," however, says that, while the sentiments expressed in Lord Rosebery's letter are admirable in tone and spirit, they are just a little too general and abstract to shed much light on the actual difficulties of the moment.

Finds of rare interest have been brought back by the Skeat expedition. They include the Peripatus ichthyoptus, some queer spiny-haired mice, and quaint lizards. Some fossils were also found, a great rarity in the Malay Peninsula. There is a large collection of ethnological objects, from goldsmiths' weights no bigger than a grain of rice to Malay village stocks. Very many of this class have reference to Malay industries, and will serve to fill gaps in the Skeat collections previously given to the Cambridge Ethnological Museum. One grewsome treasure is a sakai or negrito skeleton bought by Skeat from a chief, but the explorer had to dig it up himself.

Reports received this week from Athens record remarkable discoveries of the Hellenic Society in the Palace of Minos at Knossos, near Candia, in Crete. On the west of the palace was found a long series of stone galleries with immense decorated oil jars in position, and stone receptacles for oil under the floors. A great plaster bull in relief, of artistic excellence for that period, has come to light, and the lower part of the fresco showing a long procession of white-footed ladies in richly embroidered garments and red-footed men semi-nude. In other realistic frescoes of ladies the colors are well preserved.

A magnificent set of vases in marble, steatite, and other stones also has been collected, the finest being in the form of a mastiff's head of Parian marble. Clay vases unearthed include a set of perfect vases of the peculiar fantastic and highly colored style which preceded the Mycenaean in Crete. This remarkable ware was only known previously from a few fragments. There are also many remains of a stone age settlement, black geometric pottery, and stone weapons. This completes the series of objects representing the history of Crete from the stone age to about the seventh century B. C. They are said to revolutionize ideas about pre-Hellenic civilization in the Egean, but the most important fact is the constant evidence of influence from intercourse with the Egypt of the eighteenth and subsequent Pharaonic dynasties.

A Deposition.

(From the Indianapolis Press.)

And now comes one Marcus Aurelius Hanna, who, being of lawful age and duly and doubly sworn, deposes and says that he (the said Hanna) has never declared or admitted that he would not again act as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and that each and all statements to that effect are conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, and are without any foundation in fact, if not without the pale of probability; and further deponent sayeth not, but thinketh a whole lot. All of which makes the American people weary.

A VALUABLE REYNOLDS SOLD.

Portrait of Lady Cockburn Removed From the British Gallery.

LONDON, June 2.—The National Gallery has suffered a heavy loss. Twenty pictures, including one of the gems of the collection, have been removed from the walls. The gem is the painting of Lady Cockburn and her children by Reynolds, one of the best-preserved and most characteristic examples of his art. It is recorded that when the picture was brought to the academy all the painters clapped their hands in salutation of its power, and the seal of the artist's own approval is found in his name inscribed at full length upon the hem of the lady's garment.

"I shall be handed down to posterity," remarked Sir Joshua to Lady Cockburn, "on the hem of your ladyship's garment." Since 1892 this glorious work has hung in Trafalgar Square. It was bequeathed to the nation, together with nineteen other portraits of the Cockburn and allied families by Lady Hamilton, daughter of the late Sir James Cockburn. The other pictures were of little artistic value, but the bequest was gladly received on account of the supreme merits of the Sir Joshua Reynolds painting.

The family of Lady Hamilton discovered last year that her interest in the pictures was restricted to her life and she had no power to dispose of them by will. The trustees, after taking legal advice, did not resist the claim and the pictures have now been surrendered. The Sir Joshua has already been sold to a millionaire at a great price.

AFTER SEVENTY YEARS.

The Remains of the Ecuadoran "Liberator" Discovered.

In a communication to the State Department dated May 8, A. J. Sampson, United States Minister at Inito, Ecuador, reports the discovery of the remains of General Sucre, "The Liberator." After his assassination, seventy years ago, General Sucre's body was buried in the family chapel of his hacienda. Three years later the remains were brought into Inito and interred in Carmen Bajo, a church of the city. This was known to only four persons. Before the death of the last of these four, a woman, fifteen years ago, she communicated the secret to a female friend, who has carefully guarded it all these years. Early last month this woman divulged the secret to the Ecuador Government. A thorough investigation was made and the proof of the truthfulness of the woman's story appeared to be conclusive.

Minister Sampson says that at the date of his report the remains were lying in state in the President's mansion under a military guard. They will remain there until tomorrow, the anniversary of General Sucre's death, when they will be reinterred with great pomp and show of patriotism.

GENERAL CRONJE'S JAILER.

He Is Lord Bathurst, Whose Great-grandfather Exiled Napoleon.

(From the Paris Matin.)

I looked at the company. At the table opposite me were the officers, clad in red tunics, and some gentlemen in smoking jackets. The menu was passed round. Terrible moment! I know nothing of English dishes.

"Will you allow me to help you, sir? I have lived much in France, and I might be able to tell you to what dishes of your country ours correspond."

A harp playing on a stormy night would not cause me greater joy. It is my neighbor on the left who addresses me thus, with just that slight lisping so becoming to foreigners.

I pour out my thanks.

"Oh! the least thing we can do is to help you, since you are the only Frenchman here."

I do not repent it.

"I would wager," says my neighbor, "that you believe in English pride, in their contempt of the French, and in British sans-gene."

I try in my turn to find some amiable phrases; then, "Are you going to the Cape, madam?"

"No, sir; to St. Helena."

Profound astonishment on my part. "Ah, all England, it seems, is going to St. Helena," I say to myself.

"And you, sir?"

"I, too, am going to St. Helena, madam."

"Ah, what a surprise!"

"I am going to see the grave of Napoleon."

"You are right to do so, he was such a great figure. I am going to rejoin my husband, who has command of the island."

Oh, the hazard of the voyage! I am sitting next the Countess Bathurst, whose husband is in command of St. Helena, and who is descended from the very Minister that sent Napoleon into exile. The father of Lady Bathurst is the proprietor of the "Morning Post."

"How odd it is!" she says with a smile; "it was the great-grandfather of my husband who exiled your Emperor, and it is my husband who is charged with guarding Cronje. But rest assured that he will be better treated than Napoleon."

"You think, then, that Napoleon was badly treated?"

"Oh, don't speak of it! It is one of the most deplorable pages of our history. It was the fault of that stupid Hudson Lowe, whom they ought never to have selected, and who was so little of a gentleman. He wrote lying letters to London, hid the real state of the Emperor, and deceived all the world. This unfortunate man has contributed more than anything to give us the reputation of being cruel."

The countess stopped. Then, excitedly: "It was like that idea of calling him 'General Bonaparte.' It was stupid, and so mean and useless! Just as if he had not the right, more than anyone, to be treated as an Emperor to the end, he who was so nobly vanquished. That Hudson Lowe is a disgrace to us. Unfortunately, Cronje is not the equal of the other, and his exile will be less talked about."

The conversation continues about Napoleon, and in the course of it the countess reveals to me that the manuscript of the "Memorial of St. Helena" belongs to her husband.

"But how," said she, "are you going to put up at St. Helena?"

"At the hotel."

"But there isn't one!"

She laughed very gayly. "Well, you must go and put up at Longwood. Besides, there you will be on French soil."

"What?"

"Didn't you know it? I didn't before the journey. Longwood was given to France under Napoleon III. I wanted to buy it when my husband was sent there, and it was thus that I learned the fact."

"Then I shall still be in France."

"To be sure you will."

How to Strike.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

There is one practical way of getting at the trusts which the Republicans show no disposition to adopt, although they could have enacted remedial legislation at any time during Mr. McKinley's Administration. All that is necessary to hit many of the monopolies in a vital spot is the removal of tariff protection from all trusts which have a monopoly of their products. The fact that a Republican Administration has piled up tariff duties so as to give the trusts a free hand is convincing proof that it has no desire to curtail the power of the industrial combinations which contribute to the party's campaign fund. The Republicans are not willing to sacrifice the high tariff principle, even to relieve the people from the extortions of the trusts.

As to Trusts.

(From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

If the trusts have saved $6,000,000 daily by their "economies," how much has the consumer profited? Is he a penny better off than before the trusts were formed? Has he not been forced to pay increased prices? And how many thousands have been thrown out of employment?

The Industrial Commission.

(From the Pittsburg Dispatch.)

The commission has long been an evident humbug and scandal. To permit it to run on at the public expense for eighteen months longer will add to the scandal a little, but not very materially.